

## How to Train Your Dragon Oneshot Collections

by Soldier78

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Summary: So meet Saro. A former Celt, now living on Berk. Here are the tales of her days on Berk. You never know what Saro the Determined has in store. A lot of trouble, a lot of butt-kicking Vikings and a lot of mischief. Astrid/Hiccup moments. Rated T for safety

### 1. How to Train Your Terror

**\*\*Okay. Sorry fans of 'How to Choose Sides' due to some writer's block and anxiety to start writing these other stories. I have decided to discontinue that story as of the moment, if I know how to finish the story, I will. I'll get an idea somewhere. Anyway, here is some Saro adventures involving the gang. They mostly revolve around the Celt so you'll get to know her better. If you don't like it, message me and I'll stop it. But don't worry, there'll be some Astrid/Hiccup moments and some Toothless and other dragon fun. \*\***

**\*\*I do not own HTTYD, if I did, I would have added more little night furies into the movie. Please review! Feedback is wanted! Enjoy this collection of abnormal one-shots. \*\***

#### How to Train Your Terror

Saro's nose cringed at the smell that was not that far from her. The former Celt opened her eyes, completely unaware of the situation.

"S-smoke?" she questioned as she sat up, a bit groggy. She smacked her lips a couple of times, then her eyes went wide when she found something burning in front of her. "Oh gods!"

She hopped out of her bed, tossing her covers off as she went to retrieve some water. She tried putting out the fire by smacking her shoe against it. It was completely useless. She cursed under her

breath as she picked up her bucket and ran to the nearby well. She ran back with the water sloshing out of the sides of the bucket, wetting her hardwood floor and feet. She threw the water onto the fire and the flames died down quickly, smoke just rising. Saro huffed out a relief but her gratefulness finally turned to anger. She turned around and confronted a small little beast, sporting a red-yellow scaly coat, hunched up in the corner.

"Smallfry." She grumbled. She pointed to the remains of the fire, glaring directly at him. "Why did you do that?"

The small dragon looked at her with guilty eyes. Saro sighed.

"I'm expecting an answer from a dragon." She grumbled, placing her hand on her forehead, pinching it in frustration. She looked at the charred rug and sighed, sadly. "I got that from the Meatheads."

'Well, nice wake up call.' She mused, sarcastically, throwing the bucket to a nearby corner. After changing her clothes and attaching her sword to her belt, Smallfry fluttered up to her shoulder and perched himself on it, hoping that his friend wasn't still mad. Saro sighed and scratched the dragon's little head.

"I'm not mad, but I am going to train you."

They don't call her Saro the Determined for nothing.

She made her way to the Great Hall where she would join her Viking friends for breakfast. She passed by the many dragons who were now residents of the village. Some were perched on the roofs of their home's, squawking or napping. Some were flying around, a few with riders and many without. There was a flock of Terrible Terrors who were squawking at Smallfry. Smallfry positioned himself on the girl's shoulder, as if ready to attack his kind. Saro shook her head when she heard a familiar hiss.

"Smallfry!" She warned in a stern tone. She paused when she found a chute of fire hurling towards the little troublemakers, leaving some of her hair singed and the side of her face blackened with soot. She finished her thought with a defeated mumble. "No"

She heard snickering not far from her. She looked over and found the twins, sauntering over, spears in their grasps and shoulders dropped, their postures very slouchy-like. Saro glared at them with cold daggers as she caught up to them.

She sat down at the table after grabbing her breakfast, a wooden tray full of scrambled eggs where the eggs came from she didn't know.   
\*\*(A/N, I don't know if scrambled eggs existed then but just go along with it.)\*\*

She sat on the corner of the table, Hiccup being on the opposite end and Astrid next to him, adjacent to the girl. Saro wondered if they were a couple, she never saw them without the other. Every time she brings this factor up, Astrid's axe is shown. Saro could only grin, slyly, a story for another day.

"Morning," Saro greeted just as she plopped down. Smallfry was left outside so he could get his proper breakfast and into the occasional

fight with the other Terrors.

"Why is your face all covered in soot?" Astrid asked as Saro settled herself.

"Smallfry." She muttered.

"What happened?" Fishlegs called, sitting on the same bench as Saro, a few feet down.

"He doesn't like his kind." Saro answered. Hiccup chuckled. Saro glared at him. "What?"

"Terrible Terrors never get along with each other." Hiccup said. "Before dragons became our friends, a flock of them approached Toothless and I one day after flying. They kept shooting fire at one another."

"Then how do they mate?" Saro questioned. Awkwardness soon followed afterward. Saro cleared her throat, face flushed. "Anyway, that dragon spat fire at my rug this morning."

There were a few muffled laughs coming from her peers. She glared at them as they tried to contain their humored sounds. Saro started grumbling to herself before shoving some eggs into her mouth.

"You haven't taught that dragon how to behave?" Astrid asked, Saro looked up at her.

"No, I haven't." Saro responded, flatly. She dropped her spoon and threw out her hand in as an 'it's impossible' gesture. "I find it impossible."

"Really, Saro?" Hiccup prodded. Saro looked at him with a menacing glare, Hiccup did not change his tone. "All dragons can be tamed."

"Says you, you've got the talent." Saro said, showing signs of defeat.

"If I could tame a Night Fury, then you can tame your Terror." Hiccup said. "It can't be that hard."

Saro looked at him with a lopsided grin, sly and devious.

"How much you wanna bet?"

That same day, Saro was wandering around the village. She was grumbling incoherently and she had the look of frustration written all over her face.

"Where is that dragon?"

Smallfry had disappeared while Saro ate breakfast with the others. It was the third time this happened this week. Saro approached the Forge where she found Hiccup hammering away at some rod and Astrid sitting on the counter, axe lying down next to her. Astrid looked up and found the frustrated girl stomping her way over.

"Still can't find him?" Astrid asked. Hiccup looked up from his

work.

"I swear to Dagda, that dragon is going to get it." Saro grumbled.

"Have you tried-"

"Yes I checked the house, checked his little rock, checked the dock." Saro listed. Hiccup rolled his eyes as he continued working. "Any ideas?"

"He could be at-"

"Odin's beard! My door!"

Saro looked over her shoulder and found a Viking trying to put out the fire. She saw the cause waddling away.

"Found him." Saro said with a sigh. She left the Forge and ran over to scoop up the dragon in her arms. She looked at the damage he caused, lucky enough the Viking managed to throw water onto the door to only have it half charred. The Viking glared at Saro. "Umâ€|oops. Sorry."

"Get that thing trained." The Viking said, stomping away, throwing his bucket onto the ground, growling. Saro looked at the dragon now fast asleep in her arms. She found it cute, sure.

"You are so not off the hook." She snarled at the slumbering reptile.

Hiccup heard a loud shriek from the anvil, his hammer stopped in mid-air from impact as he looked out and found Saro running passed as if she was being chased. He watched as fire hurled towards her. Light fire, but fire. She jumped in the air, dodging the blow as she kept running.

"Okay! I'm sorry!" Saro screamed. She jumped. Smallfry was prancing towards her, clearly showing amusement in trying to burn her. "You defiantly hate smoke eelâ€|ahhhh!"

Deciding not to intervene, he returned to his work, as if he never saw anything.

"Ow! "

Hiccup smirked.

Saro trudged into the Great Hall for dinner that night. Much like the morning, she was covered in soot. Her hair was messed up and a few tears could be seen in her clothing. She plopped down at the table with her friends, all looking at her as if horrified of her appearance. Only Hiccup was smiling with amusement.

"What?" Saro snapped, looking at the grinning boy.

"Nothing." Hiccup said, paying attention to his turkey leg.

"Just for the record," Saro said, pointing a finger at him. "You're the one who said it couldn't be that hard to tame a dragon."

"I'm not the one who tried to feed him Smoked Eel."

Saro glared murderously at him.

"Then how will I get him to behave?"

"I don't think him spitting fire at you is getting him to behave." Hiccup sneered. There were a few giggles surpassed at the table. Saro rolled her eyes and stood up after gulping down her cup of mead.

"Where are you going?" Snotlout asked.

"That thing will be trained." Saro said, determinedly.

"Saro, it's nightfall." Astrid pointed out. Saro raised a brow at her.

"So?"

"Isn't it kind of hazardous?" Fishlegs replied.

"If I'm not mistaken," Saro said. "Being a Viking means we have occupational hazards."

She then marched out of the room, squaring her shoulders.

"She's dead." Ruffnut piped.

Everyone agreed.

Saro placed an agitated Smallfry in front of her fire pit.

"There is where you spit fire." Saro said, pointing at the empty pit. "Let me get a couple of logs."

She left the house to pick up some logs from a nearby pile. She walked back in only to see her bed set ablaze.

"What? No!" Saro shouted, fleeing to get another bucket. She dumped water onto the burning bed, ending the fire. She sighed with relief until she heard a crack. She cringed and found her bed collapse to the floor. "There goes my sleep."

She glared at a snickering Terror as if it was his revenge.

"Useless lizard." She muttered. She watched the dragon waddle over to her, setting himself down next to her boot. His tail wrapped around her ankle and his head resting on her foot, falling asleep. Saro couldn't help but smile.

Fishlegs found Saro sleeping on the ground, the dragon curled up to her. The others voted on him to check up on Saro who hadn't shown any more appearances that night. He, himself, was a bit on the worried side. He opened the door which creaked but didn't disturb the two sleeping.

Fishlegs raised a brow as he looked over and found the charred bed, next to the charred rug and two logs thrown in front of the

fireplace. He also found scorch marks up and down the walls, a few on the ceiling. Furniture was knocked over and things were scattered. There was still the thick smell of smoke.

"Wow." He said, surprised that a small dragon like Smallfry could cause so much damage.

He heard a soft groan, the sleeping girl rolled onto her back, her eyes opening just slightly.

"Who's there?" Saro asked, reaching out for her sword which was at her waist.

"It's just me." Fishlegs said, holding out two hands.

"Fish?" Saro asked, still a bit hazy. She sat up, rubbing her eyes gently and looked over at Smallfry, still asleep.

"Didâ€¦Smallfry do all of this?" Fishlegs asked her. Saro nodded and yawned. "Plus 10 for energy."

Saro smiled, she had to agree with that statistic. If it was more possible, Saro was covered in more soot and dirt. It clearly had been a long night.

"Breakfast at the hall." Fishlegs announced. "You coming?"

"I'll get down there." Saro said. Fishlegs nodded and left the hut, leaving Saro to look at her sleeping friend. She scratched his head. "What am I going to do with you?"

She felt him purr underneath her palm, it tickled.

Saro clumsily made her way to the Great Hall, carrying her sleeping dragon. She tried so hard to get him up but he just responded with his +5 firepower as Fishlegs would observe. Instead of dropping the dragon at his feeding spot, she brought him into the Great Hall. Terrors were occasionally allowedâ€¦if they were not awake.

She grabbed food and drink. She set down her tray and cup and dropped the dragon onto the table as if making a statement. She sat down on the bench and the dragon continued to sleep. Saro glared at Hiccup again.

"Wipe that grin off your face." She warned. Hiccup returned to eating his breakfast.

"Long night?" Astrid asked. Saro nodded, yawning in the process.

"He sure knows how to tire me out." Saro said. "Knocked everything over, burn marks all over the wallsâ€¦the list just goes on and on."

"Fishlegs told us that your dragon set your bed on fire." Ruffnut interjected. Saro sighed and nodded.

"It's useless now. It'll make good firewood though." Saro said. She poked the bulging belly of the Terrible Terror, seeing if he would wake up. "Stupid dragon won't wake up."

"Can I make a suggestion?" Fishlegs chimed in. Saro looked at him and nodded. "Why don't you try to beâ€¦you knowâ€¦kind to him?"

"I've been kind to him." Saro fought, all defensive. She looked at her oversized friend.

"Have you tried encouragement?" Hiccup questioned. Saro glared at him and then stared at the Terror. She looked up at Hiccup.

"Oh yeah, I see the picture now." Saro said with fake enthusiasm. "Come on Smallfry, you can light the logs, you can do it. Oh not the door!"

She said her last sentence flailing her arms in the air, melodramatically, still sporting her 'enthusiasm.' She looked at Hiccup.

"Yup, I see a great road from there." She responded, taking a sip out of her cup.

"Have you even tried it?" Hiccup asked, raising a brow at her sarcasm.

"No, because I know that won't work." Saro said.

"Whatever, it's your dragon." Hiccup said. He started to stand up, slightly leaning on his good leg. "I better get to work at the Forge. See ya guys."

Everyone else waved him off.

Saro managed to sling Smallfry onto her shoulder. His claws tightened against her tunic as he awakened. She could feel his scales against her exposed neck. She was walking passed the Forge and stopped when she heard a loud 'clank'. She recalled Hiccup's words from breakfast.

"Encouragement?" She retorted. "Not gonna happen."

She looked at the dragon, her eyes softened.

"Gods, I must be crazy." She said. She looked at the now-awake dragon. She began to speak in a positive tone. She started walking towards her house. Her voice turned a fake sweet. "Okay, Smallfry, time to learn how to behave."

Odin would only know how this would turn out.

Hiccup stood by Toothless, they had just finished up a good hour's worth of flying. Toothless was guiding him back to his home when they both heard uproar. Toothless's head shot up, ears perked back at the sound. Hiccup sighed, knowing the owner of the roar.

"Hey! Give that back!"

He watched Smallfry fly above his little chaser, a sword dangling out of his mouth. Toothless looked at Hiccup, showing interest in the situation. He warbled, getting Hiccup's attention.

"It's a long story."

They both watched Saro continually hop up and down, trying to snatch the sword. Smallfry was only cruising along, flapping his little wings, clearly having a fun time while Saro was threatening to barbecue him, not aware that dragons had fireproof hide.

The end.

**\*\*Click That Button\*\***

## 2. How to Snowboard

**\*\*Here's a oneshot full of crack! I had an idea and well, this happened. It's pretty much crap. Go on, flame it, torch it, I don't care. It was a lame idea but I wanted to test it out. Aw well. Please review!\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer I don't own anything! \*\***

### How to Snowboard

It was a normal wintery day in Berk. The sun was peeking out of the clouds, shining on the tiny white particles, causing them to glisten.

This day, our charming Viking teenagers were found on top of a mountainous slope just outside of the village. It was bare from trees, save for one fallen towards the end of the dangerous slope. Hiccup had created a new invention. He called it a 'snowboard'. Saro never saw anything like it, how could you steer that thing without crashing into a large snow bank? Alas, that's how Saro ended up in the mixture.

Unfortunately, Astrid Hofferson was not present during Hiccup's test drive.

Saro watched as Hiccup situated himself on the board, on the somewhat flat surface which would serve as a launching pad. Hiccup was going through the basic physics of how this thing would work. Fishlegs listened as he normally would when something involved critical thinking. Ruffnut and Tuffnut only got bored and ended up pummeling each other into the snow, forcing each other to eat the snow, no matter how dirty. Snotlout was only flexing his muscles, trying to woo the former Celt. Saro only rolled her eyes, sighed in annoyance and irritation that Fishlegs' constant questions were causing delay. She gave a growl and her trademark grin started to appear.

"So you can steer it by leaning?" Fishlegs asked.

"Yup." Hiccup said. Saro strutted over. "Pretty cool, huh?"

"Yeah I'll say, so how does it-"

Fishlegs never finished his question. Saro huffed as she shoved Hiccup forward. He started screaming when he started to pick up speed as he raced down the snow. Saro smirked with delight while everyone started to huddle around her to see if Hiccup would crash orâ€¦|yeahâ€¦|just crash.



Hiccup tried to get control of the board, he placed his feet, well more like foot and metal, onto the flat surface as he regained his balance. He leaned slightly having it bank a little to the right, then he leaned back, having it turn a little left.

Once he achieved getting control, he looked over his shoulder and saw his friends cheering him on. Arms hoisted in the air, waving with much silliness, laughter and shouting echoed in the barren area. Hiccup laughed in triumph and glee. He tore through snow banks, having the board move up them and having him gliding through the air as he landed on the snow without stumble. He continued to skid down the hill when he finally saw a fat tree trunk in the way. Smirking with great confidence, he positioned himself at the nature-made ramp leading up to the start of the trunk, I hope you get the idea because I can't explain it further.

Hiccup got onto the trunk, the board making audible scraping sounds. The sounds echoed in the hollow trunk as Hiccup rode down it. He twisted and turned and right when he got off and landed, he only gasped. His triumphant glamour had ended when he caught the sight of Astrid walking passed the snowboarding lane I guess you can call it, holding onto her dragon's reins. The dragon saw the incoming danger and rocketed in the air, carrying poor Astrid with her! Astrid screamed in both shock and fear as her grip slipped from the leather. She started to fall but right when that happened, she landed into a pair of arms, her heart thumping against her chest as she almost faced a near-death experience. Hiccup was shocked, staring at her and her staring at him with wide eyes. Astrid shook her head and started to scream again.

"Hiccup!" she screamed, pointing to the incoming danger. Hiccup looked up andâ€¦Crash!

They collided into a snow bank. Astrid landed on her back and Hiccup was flat on his stomach. Astrid clutched her spinning head and looked down, finding the Viking boy groaning as he started to sit up properly.

Upwards, you could hear a loud army of laughter.

Hiccup glared at the source of the sound which was rather loud as it echoed in the empty mountain valley.

Saro pointed her finger at the scene. The other Vikings were starting to laugh and grin foolishly at the charming scene. Hiccup growled as he stood up, helping Astrid up as well.

"Whatâ€¦was thatâ€¦about?" Astrid asked, recollecting herself, starting to get over the thrill of the ride. She brushed off the snow. She glared at the blacksmith who tried to pull the board of the snow bank.

"Saro...pushed me."

"And why did she push you? Where you scared?"

"No, I was talking to Fishlegs and she must've gotten impatientâ€¦.She needs to learn how to be patient."

He continued to glare at the said-impatient being before grumbling to

himself, yanking the board out of the snow and the snow fell and pinned the boy down. He looked back up the mountain slope, aggravated. Saro was so dead.

The end.

**\*\*Click that Button\*\***

End  
file.